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of cleaning floors, good on no man's



cleaning tool, which cleans floors, carpets, rugs, hangings, ferniture, inside book-

extra attachments. It will go anywhere for dirt and get it. And the nside removable paper bag makes a n chair. Larmon had gone to bed; but hed offered no appeal to him. John Brace, in spite of the fact that he was conscious of great mental fatigue. Bed without sleep was a horror, and dirt, germs and all. It cleans sees impossible to clean by any ther vacuum cleaner. Our representative will call and depresent. ntative will call and demonstrate without obligation.

Electrical Home Equipment Co. 608 Chestnut St.

An Unusual Romance of People Whose Very Being I Pledged to Do the Bidding of Other; By FRANK L. PACKARD of "The Miracle Man," "From Now On," etc.

Veniza's house.
"But I am her daddy," whispered the "But I am her daddy," whispered the old man fiercely; "and she is my little girl. It don't change nothing her not knowing, except—except she ain't hiding her face in shame, and"—Hawkins voice broke a little—"and that I ain't never had her in these arms like I'd ought to have." A gleam of anger came suddenly into the watery blue eyes under the shawsy brows. "But he ain't under the shaggy brows. "But he ain't going to have her in his! That devil from the pit of hell ain't going to kill the soul of my little girl—somehow he ain't—that's all I got to live for—old—llawkins—ha, ha!—somehow old Haw-kins."

Hawkins' solitoquy ended abruptly. was startled to find himself in the of opening the front door of the one-time pawn shop. He even hesi-tated, holding the door ajar-and then suddenly be pushed the door wider open and stepped softly inside, as the sound of a voice, angry and threatening in its tones, though strangely low and inuf-fiel, reached him. He knew that voice.

"Why should it be me?" Claire's had automatically ceased with the climax of Crang's removal. It was queer:
and louthe you? Do you look for happiness with me? There will be none.
"Why should it be you?" Crang's
"Why should it be you?" Crang's
removal. It was queer:
But then his mind had been obsessed, elsewhere. And yet here, too,
he had been frank with Larmon—frank
they seemed, stared out in a fixed way
from under the shaggy brows.

John Bruce pulled the old man inside
they seemed, stared out in a fixed way
from under the shaggy brows.

John Bruce pulled the old man inside
they seemed, stared out in a fixed way
from under the shaggy brows.

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they seemed, stared out in a fixed way
from under the shaggy brows.

John Bruce pulled the old man inside
they seemed, stared out in a fixed way
from under the shaggy brows.

John Bruce pulled the old felt hat, trembled as with the
ague; and the blue eyes, fever-burned
they seemed, stared out in a fixed way
from under the shaggy brows.

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John Bruce pulled the old felt hat, trembled as with the
ague; and the blue eyes, fever-burned
they seemed, stared out in a fixed way
from under the shaggy brows.

John Bruce pulled the old felt hat, trembled as with the fell pulled the ague; and the blue eyes, fever-burned
they seemed, stared out in a fixed way Because you have set my brain on fire, because you have filled me with Do you understand-Chire? Chire!

but it was so low that he could not ent-h the words. But he heard Crang's reply because it was loud with what

to be communicated with in any

"I understand." Hawkins this time caught the almost insudible reply. "All right!" Crang said. padre I know, who's down on Staten land now. We'll so down there and be inserted without any fuss. I'll be here at S o'clock. Your father isn't here at S occlosic. Four father isn't, hit to ride in that rattie-tran old has of sours. I'll have a comfortable limeasure for him, and you can go with him. Howkins can drive me, and be now as longhing off; —"and he my less man. I'll see that he knows about it in that to

pets and rugs but grading his way toward the front door, wore them out (also Married! They were to be married, the user) and scat-

He found himself on the street. He FRICTION
SWEEPER

-It picked up int an authored way, and raised bath of reason. He count it was a torm and surface dirt—made sweeping land, a land substantial and pounded at the food deusion that their representations of the mir with his doubled lists. They is there to pass on, pass upon, pass up still HARD WORK.

VACUUM
SWEEPER

An efficient method of ciefining floors, loss standard as he handled to the marks face to be set on the winding sheet, and in the whiteness face to see.

An efficient method of ciefining floors, good on no mail's face to see.

Substitute to pass on, pass upon, pa

-PERFECTION at log house he clindled into the driver's last! The one seat of the old traveling pawn-shop.

complete house. It didn't matter now how much noise he made.

CHAPTER XXI

The Last Chance John Brace closed the door of Lar-mon's saite, and, taking the elevator, went up to his town room in the Bayne-Milos Hotel, two floors above. Here thing himself almost wearily into

sleep even a possibility.

From a purely selfish standpoint, and he admitted to utter selfishness now, it had been a hollow victory. Crang was gone, disposed of, and as far as Larmon was concerned the man no longer existed, for if Crang had held certain intimate knowledge of Larmon's life over Larmon's head, Larmon was now in exactly the same position in respect to Crang. And Crang, too, for the time being at least, was no longer a factor in Classes, life.

Be unfied grimly the same position in the control of t



He could hear distinctly Crang speaking

tones, though strangely low and inuffied, reached him. He knew that voice. It was Dr. Crang's.

It was Dr. Crang's.

It was dark here in the room that had once been the office of the pawn shop, and upon which the front door opened directly; but from under the door leading into the rear room there showed a thread of light, and it was from there that Hawkins now placed the voice.

He steed irresolute, He stared around him. Upstairs it was dark. Paul Veniza, because he had not been well, had probably gone to bed early—unless it was Paul in there with Crang. No! He caught the sound of Claire's voice now, and it seemed to come to him brokenly, in a strangely tired, dreary way. And then Crang's voice again, and an ugly laugh.

The wrinkled skin of Hawkins' oid

The wrinkled skin of Hawkins' old weather-beaten hands grew taut and white across the knuckles as his fists cleached. He tiptoed toward the door.

weather-beaten hands grew taut and white across the knuckles as his fists elenched. He tinteed toward the door. He could hear distinctly now. It was Crang speaking:

"\*\* \* I'm not a fool! I did not speak about it to make you lie again. I don't care where you met him, or how long you had been lovers before he crawled in here. That's nothing to do with it. It's enough that I know you were lovers before that night. But you belong to me now. Understand! I spoke of it because the sooner you realize that you are the one who is the cattle of the hetter—for him! I wasn't crowding you before, but I'm through fooling with it now for keeps. I let you go too long as it is. Today, for just a little while, he won out yes, by heavens, if you want that is, least resistance. He had come back here to the hotel, and dined with Lar. He recailed this afternoon of the harbor, and, daran him, I'm back! You know that for. I've told you. There's one way to save him. I've told you, was dull and colorless. "Why should it he me?" Claire's looke work was dull and colorless. "Why should it he me?" Claire's looke of the was dulling the proposal and and colorless. "Why should it he me?" Claire's looke of the could not tell white had automatically censed with the clair of a little was get. The could not tell while had a no interest in these mats. The devator door clanged a little way down the corridor, and Hawkins reached the door, John Bruce called—and dismissed the beliboy with the may be compacted with the clair of the harbor, and daran him, I'w told you what that is, too. I'm waiting for your answer."

"Why should it he me?" Claire's looked a list was get." The clerk coughed deperceating that had happened a harbor, and happened it, larmon had led him on to take of the take of everything, and anything, it seemed now, as he looked hack upon to take of the trouble hetween the door of his suite, and pened; the door of his suite, and pened; the door of his suite, and happened; the door of his suite, and happened; the door of his suite, and happ

membered the quick little tattee of Larmon's quill toothpick at this admission, and Larmon's tight little

"Well, you asked for it, and you about Larmen. He had made no fuss misery, bitterness, in Hawkins' voice, got it." Crang sharled. "Now, I'm waiting for your answer."

There was a long pause, then Claire spoke with an obvious effort to steady emity definitely fixed and settled; and, ing to be married tomorrow morning." poke with an obvious effort to steady her voice.

"Three I got to buy him twice?"

"You haven't bought him once yet."

"You haven't bought him once yet."

"Tang gas-wered swiftly. "I performed at January and the bargain. I haven't been add."

Atol Hawkins.

And Hawkins, standing there, iss- Larmon with his unemotional face good many tomorrow mornings either, tening, heard nothing for a long time; and his quilt touthpick! No; not unamed the present moment is on and then he distinguished Claire's voice, emotional. When Larmon had finally heard a ship on his way to South American but it was so low that he could not eat-h the words. But he heard Crang's bed, there had been something in Larrough because it was loud with what mon's face and Larmon's 'good-night.'' seemed like pursionate savagery and that still lingered with him. John Bruce, hat still lingered with him. John Bruce, and which even now he could not define.

John Bruce's brows gathered into light furrows. His mind had flown triumph:

"You're wise, my dear! At 8 o'clock tomorrow morning, then. And since tomorrows. His mind had flown off at a tangent. There was Claire!

It had at them like their. Nor had the meant, nor did be intend new to

Hawkins caught at John Bruce's arm.

"I know," said Hawkins dully, "But

"You what?" John Bruce cried out.

To be continued tomorrow

#### The Five-Inch Book Shelf -By J. P. McEVOY

Do You Know Anything? reach of all. In only fifteen seconds a propriate gestures. week the most ignorant can become Civies

(Note: An article on chropody was announced for joday, but so many chicopedists have pleaded with me not to divulge all the secrets of their profession that I have agreed to postpone this article indefinitely, which means until such time as I have learned these secrets they are so unxious I should not divulge.)

but requiring cum- And rich suddenly two great tears bersome attach- rolled down his cheeks, opening the flood plex than our forefathers could forsee, to their (the constituents') hearts is

few well-chosen words (chosen either At last education has come into the by himself or some one else) with ap-

He must also speak at dinners, open conventions, interest himself actively in drives, dig the first ground for good corner stones, dedicate ar-cristen nirships, godfather mories, christen airships, godfather lubies, and make himself generally use-ful at tens, receptions, reviews, inaugwhich to attend the private interests of his constituents.

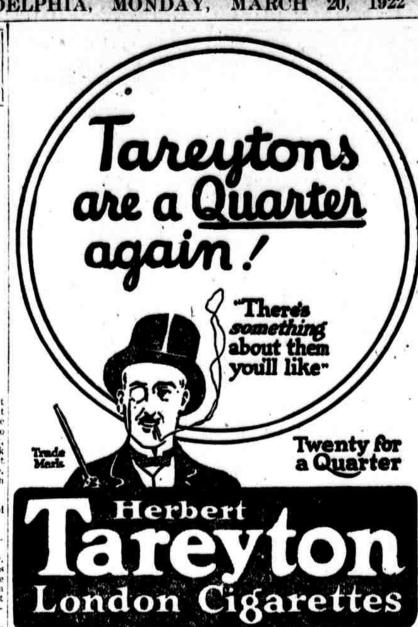
THESE deeds may take various

Sometimes they take the form of copies of the Congressional Record in ments for other cleaning.

"Wy little girl" he sobbed, "Duddid their best to provide for all contingencies, but after all, or rather became "John Bruce," he said. "He loves here to be come "John Bruce," he said. "He loves here to be come "John Bruce," he said. "He loves here to be come "John Bruce," he said. "He loves here to be come to be

bours! great good will and in a spirit of sub-hours! great good will and in a spirit of sub-hours! Falk instance, it is the dary of every of cabbage seeds. And with each and every one he breathes a gentle prayer of business organizations and speak a cabbages and a credit to the sender.

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